

Doug Spangle

## Fogbound

As I step outside at 3 AM,  
I see the fog has ascended,  
and in the sodium lights, it rolls  
in billows of drifting gold.

They may rise high  
into a clear day's skyline,  
but the business towers and all  
have been smudged down to size.

The pilot on board the *Micronesian  
Navigator* pokes through the confluence  
of Columbia and Willamette to scout  
for safe anchorage by Hewlett Point.

The running lights of the launch  
that growls out to meet him  
prowl along in dim silver.  
Place is vague and valuable

in these early hours.  
I'm not sure where I am,  
so I grope. Shine your light,  
smoke ring night stack,

the coyotes howling on the ridge  
for the price of a yellow moon—  
tell them I'm coming soon  
around the bend:

shine your light on me.  
A breeze picks up,  
blowing away ghost after ghost,  
and wisps the spirit world away.

